



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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SENIOR ART CLUB.

This Club is intended for Aunt Mai's pupils when they leave her at the age of sixteen, but it is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

WINTER TERM, NOVEMBER, 1900, TO MAY, 1901.

Subjects for April.

I.—*An Out of Door Sketch.*

II.—*Study of Apple Blossom.* Go close up to your subject and paint it out of doors, placing your canvas beside the blossom. Take a small piece, but paint it life size.

III.—*Cast Drawing.*

A portfolio of drawings is criticised and sent round every three months, by Mrs. Hart-Davis, Dunsden Vicarage, Reading. Subscription, 1s., to cover postage. It is intended for those who cannot easily get any art teaching. Particulars published quarterly in *The Children's Quarterly*.

OUR WORK.

House of Education.—The summer term begins April 17th.

Parents' Review School.—The summer term begins April 22nd.

Conference.—The Annual Conference will be held on May 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W. (Dorset Street entrance). Local Secretaries are requested to note these dates. The Programme is now complete, and is given in full on pages 2 and 3 of the Advertisements. Branch Secretaries are specially requested to interest their members and friends, and all are urged to attend what promises to be a most interesting and helpful Conference.

The Eighth Annual Natural History Exhibition will be held during the Conference Week, at Portman Rooms, on the Afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday, May 15th and 16th. Contributions of Nature Note-books, Drawings, Natural History Collections, &c., are invited from adults as well as children. Exhibits that have already been shown in connection with local Natural History Clubs are especially welcome. All articles intended for Exhibition should be sent to Mrs. Henry Perrin, 23, Holland Villas Road, London, W., by May 1st; and, if they are to be returned, the full address to which they are to be sent must be enclosed, together with stamps for postage.

Miss Stewart Wood will be "at home" to members of the Art Club, at the Grosvenor Crescent Club (15, Grosvenor Crescent), on Tuesday May 14th, from 3 to 6 p.m.

BOOKS.

Spanish Highways and Byways, by Katharine Lee Bates (The Macmillan Co., 8/6). Here is another extremely interesting book of travel—a human book, let us call it, because the writer succeeds in bringing us under the charm of Spanish gaiety, *insouciance*, and dignified courtesy. Miss Lee Bates writes as a tourist and professes to offer us no more than a record of impressions; but the reader will wish that he also could make tours in such a fashion; that he might not wander about as an outsider merely seeing sights, but might become intimate and in touch with the people. But in the first place he must do as Miss Bates did, learn Spanish before he goes. You cannot know the people in the street before you can talk their speech. We knew something about the Alhambra and Granada, about bull-fights and gypsies, about Murillo and Velasquez, but what we fail to get as a rule is the Spanish point of view of all these matters. It is here that Miss Bates helps us; with a distinct personality of her own, and strong, and often antipathetic opinions, she knows how to make herself see with Spanish eyes and feel with a Spanish heart. The information concerning places and functions, which the reader feels to be his due, he finds here given with impressionist freshness and force; but there are also vignettes like these scattered freely through the pages:—

"'A little money for our Blessed Lady's sake, señora, I am starving.' 'Would you rather have a cigarette?' 'And that I would.' 'Then you are not starving, little brother; run away, I have no cigarettes.'"

Again, "The Andalusian leisure was a perpetual delight to us. A Seville shop reaches far along the street front, with many open doors, and a counter running the full length. Here ladies sit in pairs and groups, never singly, to cheapen fans and mantillas, while the smiling salesmen, cigarette in hand, swing and gesticulate and give banter for banter as gaily as if it were all a holiday frolic. Scraps of the graceful bargaining would float to our ears. 'Is the quality good?' 'As good as God's blessing.'"

Here is a glimpse of progressive unbelieving Spain:—"No, no!" I exclaimed for once startled into protest. 'He is saying that religion is the impulse of thirst.' The incorrigible old worldling took this for another jest, and, as in gallantry bound, laughed harder at my sally than at poor King David's. 'Excellent! Perfect! So it is! So it is! Religion is the impulse to fill one's own stomach. Just what I have always said.' "As the hart panteth after the water brooks"—ho, ho! I must try to remember that."

More gracious and very charming is the description of the choral games of Spanish children. Miss Bates has produced fresh and musical translations of these little dramas of the child-world which might well be adapted for our children at home. *Spanish Highways and Byways* is a book not to read merely, but to buy.

Naomi's Exodus, by Lily H. Montagu (Fisher Unwin, 3/6). Naomi is a young Jewess who lives with her aunt at the back of a small chandler's shop in a Jewish quarter of West London. They are comfortable well-to-do people and for that reason their ways and their surroundings are the more sordid and unlovely; for there is a tragic

element in great poverty which redeems it from vulgarity. Naomi has done well at school and has an accepted lover and is a gay and debonnaire young woman, unaware of any want for which there is not a ready supply. Then one day she casually sits beside a lady, a Christian lady, who had that in her face which the girl had not seen before. The Divine thirst is awakened. The supreme drama of the human soul is enacted on this common-place stage. Naomi, like St. Augustine, discovered that she was made for God, and could know no rest until she found Him. Miss Montagu brings this before us with delicate skill and keen insight. Miss Montagu's knowledge of how the girls of working girls' clubs live and think, how noble character may stand out amongst them as amongst the rest of us, enables her to give us a tale of working-girl life in London, far more convincing and human than anything we have met with on the same lines. We could have well done without the last chapter, which we feel is rather a concession on the part of the author to the demands of the novel reader. The reader who feels that "the life is more than meat" will find this simple tale of the evolution of a soul deeply interesting.

Concerning Children, by Charlotte Perkins [Stetson] Gilman, (Putnam, 6/-). An American book concerning children is attractive. American women have sparkling ways of putting things, and we know something of Mrs. Perkins Gilman in connection with the International Women's Congress, at which she played so leading a part. So we are prepared to listen with respect and interest to what she has to say. The interest never flags; the author has given us the sort of book that you want to read at a sitting; but it is all so new and topsy-turvy, so psychological and evolutionary and generally "scientific"! We wish the very clever author would sometimes give us a hint that she is joking, that she is playing at an educational treatise on the lines of *Vice Versâ*. But, no, it is all serious and strenuous. In the first place a child is not to be taught to "mind"; he must do what is right in his own eyes; and the much-vaunted principle of obedience is an invention for the ease of parents and to the hurt of children. There is no such thing as authority; but when there comes a difficulty, as in "table manners," for example, the way out is to appeal to the standard of public opinion on such matters. We may not agree with all this, but there is a truth behind it—that is, a child's initiative must be safe-guarded. But this is nothing new; had not Rosamond to choose between the purple jar and new shoes? We wonder does the author foresee that a person aged twelve months would, under this régime of liberty and equality, become too much for his household? Anyway the next idea is, *A Place for Children*. We are reproached for having our houses built for grown-up people, with stairs to fall down, and windows to fall out of, and fires to burn and hardly more than an occasional chair or stool of the child's size. We hardly venture to say in defence of our ways that, if education is life, life also is education, and all the dangers of the big house are also opportunities for learning self-management. But there is a better way. The babies are to have a Baby-garden of their own, where they are to learn the democratic spirit among persons of their own size. Their mothers may come to "nurse" them, but, other-

wise, they are to be in the hands of that delightful and potent personality—the baby-gardener. Our old-fashioned prejudices are in arms. We say under our breath—"the worst thing for any of us is to live always amongst men of our own size." That is why the Family is an institution, divine in its fitness as in its origin, a society which gives you the "Olympians" and the heroes (in the shape of big brothers), and the adorable big sisters and all sorts and conditions of people down to your own size and below it: happy the child that grows up with every link of the chain complete. But away with sentiment! What place is there, Mrs. Gilman asks, for the baby in a six-roomed house? Poor six-roomed house! Why should it lose its joy and its glory, its sun and centre, in the last baby? We are willing to put these questions to one side for the moment, but should like to say a word about that fully-trained and charming person who is to be the babies' atmosphere and initiative, trainer and joy. In the first place, it can be done. Women do it in society, and are not honoured for their efforts. Women are trained to do it (with the highest motives) in Kindergartens, and are blessed, and women could undoubtedly do it in Baby-gardens, and the babies would be "happy and dood." There is a picture by Fra Angelico in Florence, in one compartment of which is the modern Baby-garden. The children are little tonsured monks, who have become as little children, and they dance into Paradise in a ring, each monk taking hands with a benign angel and each posturing, bemused with satisfaction, inflated with the approval of his angel. We have all known this state of mind in our time. We have been "happy and dood," but we have not been persons, we have had no growing pains, no living labours. This seems to us the deadly danger of bringing young children under a more or less mesmeric influence, where their own personality is swamped by that of another. The *Presumptuous Age* is very nice reading—the presumptuous people being the aged! But, after a chapter given to *The Respect Due to Youth*, the author gives us wise observations on the possibility of *Too much Consideration* being given to children. This sort of sentence startles us a little, "The duty of the parent is a deep-seated natural law. Without the parents' care of the child, no race, no life. The duty of the child to the parent was largely invented by parents from motives of natural self-interest." But it is followed by brisk and wise remarks on the middle-aged mother who swallows the life of her girl of twenty-one. Indeed the whole volume deserves careful reading with self examination. There is always much to be said on the other side of a question, and Mrs. Perkins Gilman knows how to say things.

With Christ at Sea: A Religious Autobiography, by F. T. Bullen (Hodder & Stoughton, 6/-). We are deeply indebted to Mr. Frank Bullen for giving us one of what is, perhaps, the most precious and the most rare of human documents—a sincere religious autobiography, written without any eye to effect or to dramatic fitness. Sincerity is the note of the book. Mr. Bullen has months or years of spiritual abandonment; of sacred intimacy and Christian joy; and of that low Christian estate, neither hot nor cold, which most of us know too well. While he is in close communion with his Master, his life is full of power as well as of joy. When his light is, though never extinguished, yet more or

less hidden, virtue no longer goes out of him, and his shipmates are none the better for his presence. In all this we see ourselves as in a mirror. We greatly appreciate the way in which the author finds this and that set of shipmates fine fellows, good fellows, pleasant fellows, though they care nothing for religion, but all the same do their duty and live pleasant lives. Christianity would gain as a power in the world if we recognized that people can be good without being Christians (though not without that help from above which they do not ask for and fail to recognize), and that all Christian persons are not good; but that Christianity means the consummation of human life, that is, devotion to and communion with a Divine Person. The by-interest of the book is the wonderfully graphic and often most distressing account it gives of the life of a seaman in the merchant service. Mr. Bullen's style is too well-known to require praise from us.

The House of Wisdom and Love: Notes on Man and Nature, by M. E. Dowson, with an introduction by P. N. Waggett, M.A. (S.P.C.K., 6d.) Those who believe that there is a supreme Good in life, a consummation for our incompleteness, fulfilment for our emptiness, will find Mrs. Dowson's little book very satisfying and interpretive. A touch of mysticism here and there may repel some of us by its profundity, and others of us by its temerity, but few will get up after reading this little book,—packed with vital thoughts, expressed with epigrammatic terseness,—without a wider outlook upon life.

We have received *Comment Élever nos Enfants: erreurs à éviter*, par P. de Vuyst, from the Ligue de l'Éducation familiale, Bruxelles.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

Would Mrs. F., the writer of a letter in the February "P.R." Letter Bag," kindly send her address to Miss Russell (Sec.), 26, Victoria Street, London, S.W., as she has several letters waiting to be forwarded to Mrs. F.

DEAR EDITOR,—We are now completing the arrangements for our Annual Conference, to be held May 14th—17th, and I shall be very glad to receive the names of any ladies in London or the neighbourhood who will be kind enough to offer hospitality to our country members.

Yours truly, ELLA HOWARD GLOVER
(Conference Sub-Committee).
Ettrick House,
Steele's Road, South Hampstead,
March 11th, 1901.

DEAR EDITOR,—In answer to L. W.'s letter in February *Parents' Review*, I have found *Collins' Alternative Geography*, No. 1, most interesting to children. There are good pictures in it, and it is always a favourite lesson. The *A.B.C. of Arithmetic*, by Sonnenschein, is also good for young children.

Furze Bank, Sunninghill, Berks.
March 9th, 1901.

Yours truly, N. R.

DEAR EDITOR,—In the *Agricultural Times* for March, published at the Lady Warwick Hotel, the organ of the Agricultural Association for Women, are three rules for "fault finding." They are so well put that I hope the writer who does not give her name will forgive my quoting them. She is a lady gardener in sole charge of eighty acres with a foreman, two journeymen, four boys, and four labourers and one odd man. These men, she says, she has not the slightest difficulty in managing and a full share of work is done. She adds, "Of course I am better off than most women in that I have had control of all sorts of men since I was nineteen, but I have rarely had any difficulty, and I ascribe it to three rules:—

"1. Never nag. Censure as sharply as you think necessary, and then never mention the subject again.

"2. Never find fault with a man before others. Speak to him alone in your office. If it is necessary for others to know what is wrong, send for them altogether, and let them clearly understand what you mean.

"3. Tell them plainly what will be the result in case of a repetition of the fault, and if one occurs see that that result follows at once and without appeal. If it does not you will have endless trouble."

For *parents* it seems to me useful to remember that "come out for a walk with me" is the best form of "come into my office."

M. L. HART DAVIS.

DEAR EDITOR,—May I ask through the "Letter Bag" the following questions, in the hope that some parent may be able to help me:

1. I want to know of a nice French history, something in the style of Arnold Foster's English History, to read aloud to my little son of 7½.

2. The best story of English literature, where a little of the principal biographies are introduced, and all simply told.

3. Is there a book which would help me to pronounce Latin correctly? One showing where the stress of the voice should fall, is what I want.

I think it would be a great help if any parent who had discovered a nice book for children, would tell others of it through your "Letter Bag." I mean really nice books, not the ordinary "boys'" or "girls'" book. I have several charming volumes, comprising stories from Tennyson, stories of nature, etc., and am always on the look-out for others to add to the list I keep by me, all of which get added in time to my boys' library.

Faithfully yours, F. B.

DEAR EDITOR,—We think some of the writers in the *Parents' Review* are much too cautious about draughts. A friend, who is a doctor in Belfast, says the best way to avoid these is to open *all* windows *wide*. There is then no tendency for air to rush in and make a draught. We sat last winter in a room with a glass door into the garden wide open till bedtime, and our boys ran in and out without hats or coats, and none of us took cold, or catarrh as it should be called—"cold" is such a misleading term. As I write the window is wide open and has been for weeks or months, though it is freezing outside. Get people off Tobin tubes and boards in the windows and to realize that what will *cure* a consumptive won't *kill* them.